Likenfeld.

from afar, so that approaching farm waggons can draw aside wherever the track widens to let the neighbour's laden cart go past.

The wine cellars are spacious. Not every wine-grower has a house for himself and his family, but all have storage room for barrels and utensils. A real wine district numbers more wine-presses than private dwellings. They are to be found in dry and narrow valleys, looking from a distance like compact villages.

The wine-presses are built against the mountain, steps leading up to them through meadows and bushes. Above them sway acacias, lime and chestnut trees and elderberry bushes. Beneath their shade the children find a pleasant spot for play and games.

To the song of the wine-mills the dull gold juice runs off the pressing-board, guided downwards by pipes and wooden conduits. The youngest apprentice drives up the cart with its tubs of grapes and goes back for more. The landlord and his men press them until nearly midnight. It is difficult work, toying with giant forces and needs to be understood. The great, dark press groans in all its joints when the massive stone rises, swaying, and the slender bars, taking the enormous pressure, crack and snap ominously with the noise of rifle shots. Below in the cellar drifts a ghostly mist, whitish or almost invisible. Above in the vineyard stands a curious, squat sort of mill above a manhole. It is the hand-worked pump which draws up the powerful fumes. Despite it, every year one or two men have

plains and towns. Dark are the woods around Weitra, Harmannschlag and Karlstift on the Bohemian-Austrian frontier; the countryside lies high with its heavy, dark earth. Zwettl, the town and the venerable monastery, are surrounded by vast forests. Above Ottenschlag and Martinsberg the Waldviertel closes in on the Danube, broken delightfully by the descending valleys of the Laper and the Weitenbach. Those wishing to proceed from Gmünd, the frontier station, or from Allentsteig or Waidhofen to the Danube, prefer the road through Gföhl, passing Senftenberg on the way down to Krems. Above on the Bohemian frontier, and also in the Thaya Valley, stand fortresses and castles: Heidenreichstein, Karlstein, Raabs and Riegersburg.

The ploughed fields gain more and more on the forests, the vines creeping up the sunny slopes. Near Horn the countryside opens out attractively. Here there is a plentiful choice of routes—uphill to Drosendorf and Retz, downhill through the Kamptal to Langenlois and the spacious Tullnerfeld, or straight across country to Eggenburg and Hollabrunn, or by a sharp turn through the Maissauer forest and mountain towards Stockerau and Kornenburg.

So with a wide detour one arrives at the quarter lying below the Manhartsberg. Corn and wheat gradually replace forest and vineyards, increasingly so towards the March. Laa-on-the-Thaya, Poysdorf and Mistelbach lie on the way to the oil district of Zistersdorf. To the south the fertile corn-growing lands link up—Gänserndorf, Wolkersdorf, Deutsch-Wagram, Gross-Enzersdorf, Marchegg and Orth.

Around the hub of the Danube, the Alpine forelands penetrate deeply into Lower Austrian territory in the

Lilienfeld, Porch of the Monastery.

to be dragged unconscious from the cellar, overcome by the fumes of the wine.

In the vineyards you see men's jackets and hats amidst the vines, appearing and disappearing, for their job calls for bent backs most of the time. The day may be fine and sunny, here and there a grape picker full of fun and the harvest a bumper one—still, there is no romance about their task. All day long they shuffle with bowed shoulders from vine to vine, of which there may be easily a thousand in one vineyard, one vine alone often bearing a dozen bunches of grapes. Even the wine-grower's wife, despite the watchful eye she keeps on yield and profit, may straighten her shoulders with a groan among the tangled masses of heavily-laden vines to look out over the vineyard and exclaim: "God Almighty, will it never end?"

BEAUTIFUL IS WINTER AMONG THE VINEYARDS. One sees a blending of golden earth, immaculate snow and the red thorns of blue-grey acacia trunks.

quarter above the Wienerwald. Waidhofen-on-the-Ybbs, Lunz, Scheibbs and the stretch from Mariazell to St. Pölten are far-famed for their rustic beauty. Further to the north of the Styrian boundary lie Türnitz and Lilienfeld, Hainfeld and Gutenstein near the contrasting shapes of the Mittelgebirge.

Along the road to Greifenstein, on the Danube, through Neulengbach and Altenmarkt, ascending to the Hohe Wand, Schneeberg and the Rax, runs the boundary of the "quarter below the Wienerwald". Encircling Vienna in a mighty arch from Klosterneuburg to Heiligenkreuz and Baden, it descends to the plains along a line of thermal springs. On one side of the Südbahn grows a heavy wine; on the other is a chain of industrial centres—Traiskirchen, Sollenau, Leobersdorf, Bernsdorf, Wiener Neustadt, Neunkirchen, Ternitz and Wimpassing. The factory chimneys do not end until the Semmering district is reached at Gloggnitz and Payerbach. The Pittental leads to the "Buckligе Welt" of Edlitz, Kirchschlag and Aspang, while to the east of Vienna the approaches to Hungary lie in the flat triangle formed by Schwechat, Ebenfurth and Bruck-on-the-Leitha.

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

Restless flows the Danube through Lower Austrian territory, until it is reluctantly compelled to submit to control and regulation. At Struden-gau it still gives birth to leaping rapids and circling eddies, twists itself at Ybbs to a dangerous bend, narrows to the legend-haunted valley of the Wachau and constantly forces the current to move now towards this bank, now towards the other, until it at last subsides into a broad and placid stream below Tulln. With

Baden, where the healing waters flow close to the roadside, proved a great attraction for you. To drink them you only needed to go down a few steps. On all the bridges over the Schwechat, you could smell the sulphur from the springs which were discovered by the Romans. The modern medicinal baths were in their time the temple of a goddess. In the piping times of peace you found there many people who had come from far off countries. The rich glow of the tulip beds in the Kurpark is a sight which you should not miss.

Kornhäusel, an architect of late classicistic style, built for Baden a town hall with Greek temple columns and a flat roof adorned by stone statues. His work, specimens of which can be found throughout the town, is of modest but genuine beauty. You keep finding pillars and rows of columns, Doric and Ionic capitals and caryatids, which, although of unequal value, lend a distinctive air to the town through their variety of form and the attempt to reproduce the beauties of antiquity.

Mozart's "Ave verum" and Beethoven's "Missa solemnis" are particularly treasured by Baden. Grillparzer, Schubert and further southwards, Raimund have all enriched this countryside with the breath of their art.

At the foot of the forests are extensive vineyards. Light, stony soil and a favourable situation give the grape a choice quality which has been further improved by careful tending. Gumpoldskirchner wine was taken around the world on one occasion on a Zeppelin flight. It kept its high quality throughout.

Hainburg, Wienerstr.

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the city daily. Even in those times new plantations were forbidden, in order to prevent a fall in prices. In the year 1448 Chancellor Aeneas, later Pope Pius II, wrote: "The wine cellars are so spacious and deep that people say the city has been built as much below ground as above it."

To the Vienna commercial fairs, held twice a year, it was possible to bring every type of commodity under the signed safe-conduct of the reigning prince, with the exception of beer and wine. In the 17th century, traders of Amsterdam and Gent showed a preference for Vienna "Nussberger". Before the irresistible tide of triumphs of the Turks was dammed at Vienna in 1683, they had already been quietly overcome by Vienna wine.

In 1872, peaceful progress in the vineyards was abruptly interrupted by the appearance of the phylloxera. Brought to Europe from overseas, this most dangerous of all vine parasites ruined nearly all the vineyards of the Continent. This meant bitter years for the Austrian wine-growing families, which numbered no less than 60,000, excluding all those whose livelihood depended indirectly on the vines, such as innkeepers, wine-dealers, cask-binders and the like. At last it became possible to revive the Austrian wine trade with the help of American vines, on to which the native high grades were grafted. Building in Vienna gladly and voluntarily halts at the vineyard districts. Well-known and honoured wine-names are here—Nussdorf, Heiligenstadt, Grinzing, Kahlenbergerdorf, Sievering, Neustift-am-Walde and Salmannsdorf. There, too, are to be found the wayside winegardens and taverns, the "Wiener Heurigen".

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Of all the wine producing districts of Austria, the most important is Lower Austria. Wines of every type are to be found here, from the light and sparkling "Brünnerstrassler" to the heavy "Gumpoldskirchner"; from the noble and aromatic "Wachauer" to the pleasant and sweetish "Muskateller". It would involve a lesson in geography to name and locate all the places where the precious vines are grown and tended, starting with the southern slopes of the Wachau and continuing over the broad Krems vineyard area up to Langenlois, further on to Maissau or down towards the Bisamberg and vine-girdled Klosterneuburg, which is called the "Rinnende Zapfen"—"The Leaking Bung". The extensive vineyards around Retz produce that wine which the Viennese are fond of drinking in "Stehweinhallen" ("Standing Wine Bars") as "Special" or, abbreviated, as "Spezi".

In the south, beginning at Mauer and Perchtoldsdorf, lies the most famous Lower Austrian vineyard district, which includes the villages of Guntramsdorf, Gumpoldskirchen, Baden, Sooss, Vöslau and many others. The "Rotgipfler", the "Zierfandler" and the "Neuburger" are noted for their aromatic bouquet. The fragrant bouquet of Sooss Muscatel wines impresses every connoisseur. The red wines of Vöslau, especially the "Schlumberger Goldeck" have carried the

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renown of Austrian wines far beyond its frontiers.

The Styrian and South Styrian wines have an entirely different flavour. Here one again meets famous names—Schilcher, Portugieser, Sylvaner, Welschriesling, Weissburgunder, Traminer, Muskatsylvaner and Weissklevner.

The colours of the Burgenland provincial banner, red and gold, stand for the wine of the Province. Some fine vintages flourish in the mild climate of the Neusiedlersee. Heavy and golden lies Ruster wine in the glass, a king among wines. Mild and sweet, with an exquisite bouquet, it delights every experienced winebibber.

Sip it reflectively and with moderation! There is a secret about the wine which should only be unveiled with caution. In wine lies power, reality and truth. Let us hope that you, good friend, are a seeker after truth—at least you will become one through the local wines!

Although Austria has always been a wine country, the competition of beer was felt even in the Middle Ages. The right to brew beer lay in the gift of the ruler. In 1430 there was already a "Bierglocke" ("Beer Bell") in the left Heidenturm (Heathen's Tower) of the Stephansdom which rang for working men to cease their labours. At the same time, the tolling of the bell forbade the further sale of beer, and meant that the taverns had to be closed.

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A glass of beer on the way home during the warmer months is still the most popular drink. Any genuine Wiener would sooner risk getting the round paunch of a beer-drinker than deny himself this pleasure.

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- TOBACCO
- SUGAR
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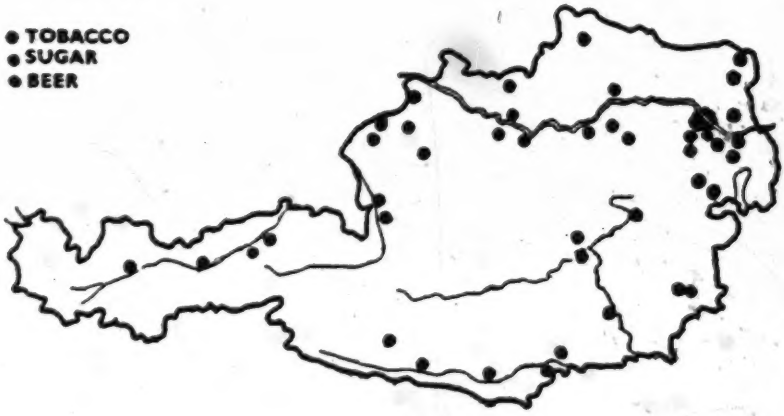

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